

Rory Gallagher, Souped Up Ford

Take your foot off the brakes,
But you won't stop my souped-up Ford.
Well, you can set your watch 'cause I won't stop,
I've got my foot to the floor.
This greedy jeep don't need no sleep,
Eats all the gas that you can pour.
It's a front-wheel drive and it sound like a bee-hive,
Good Lord, that's for sure.

I'm blowing town, not breaking down,
Can't you hear that sound, those wheels on the ground.
I'm on my way, and I can't stay,
Make no mistake, I'm pulling out today.

Hit that spot on the dial and wait for a while,
Till those tubes are all a-glow.
Got to be nice to the wheel, you need nerves of steel,
But you know that is no joke.

Well, I guarantee you'll feel higher,
On those pneumatic tires.
'Cos they sure grip the road,

Keep that engine clean, feed it good gasoline,
Good Lord, that's for sure.

I'm blowing town, I won't be breaking down,
I'm moving down, hear those wheels hikiing the ground.
I'm on my way, I sure can't stay,
Make no mistake, I'm leaving this town today.

No highway cop's gonna make me stop,
What I've started.
'Cos I won't be free till I get up,
And go where my heart is.

You know what it takes to try,
To catch up to my souped up Ford.
Well, make no mistake by applying the brakes,
When I say "All aboard";
Well, you can roll up the sidewalk,
And end all the small talk,
When I shift them gears.
'Cos I won't be back till I head down the track,
A thousand miles from here.